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The Lehigh

Goblet





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The Lehigh **GOBLET**

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Richard Brady, Delta Upsilon, now a junior at Lehigh, has been responsible for most of the drawings in the first issue of THE GOBLET this semester. The cover on this issue is his work; and, at the moment he is making sketches of an industrial nature for the forthcoming GOBLET featuring engineering interests.



EDITORIAL

A University Magazine and the Dart Game

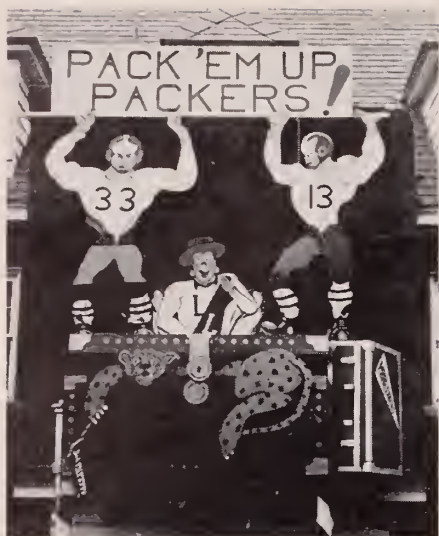
Without obvious purpose a collegiate magazine can become a catch-all for stale jokes, pointless anecdotes, out-of-date news, and inept illustrations, hastily stitched together at the last moment. It is time, then, to state in a general way the purposes which, it is hoped, will govern the two remaining issues of *The Goblet* for 1948-1949. We are prepared, as a participant in a dart game is prepared, to miss the target from time to time; but, after reading this editorial, no one can say we have not a target for our darts. In the last issue of *The Goblet* it was shown that we had no wish to be considered the mouthpiece of a particular campus group. This edition was assembled about these themes: Christmas, the Arts College (hence our dealing with modern art), and seasonal social life. The Engineering College and the Spring Music Festival will act as pivotal points in the construction of the next issue. Our last issue of the term will embrace matter pertaining to graduation and the Business College. Now, it does not follow that humor and



spice will be absent from our pages; nor does it follow that a pattern for all time is set in printing *The Goblet*.

We miss our target only when a sense of responsibility is lacking in those who want to work on the staff; and we have no censor for students who fail to purchase a poorly-prepared, non-representative statement of Lehigh University life. We cannot work, for example, with the man who, in answer to a phone call during the preparation of this issue, now twenty days ago, requesting his presence for a photograph, stated he was on his way and has not arrived yet. We cannot work with the man who was given an art assignment in the beginning of October and who has not been seen nor heard of since. We cannot work with the man who requested he be made an important department head and who disappeared from sight until the magazine went to press, when he called to ask how things were going.

A student publication should be operated by students, but students with a sense of responsibility and a target for their darts.



BETA THETA PI



ALPHA TAU OMEGA



SIGMA CHI



PHI SIGMA KAPPA

FRATERNITY ART *for* ALUMNI WEEK-END



PI LAMBDA PHI



DELTA UPSILON



DELTA TAU DELTA



SIGMA NU



NO GOOD FOR A MAN

by Robert Dorang

The doleful wail of the colliery whistle told Martin Owen that it was three-thirty—quitting time at the colliery. He sat on the front-porch steps of his father's house, his head lolling indolently against the weathered gray porch pillar while he contemplated the heat waves that shimmered over the pavement in front of Ecker's fruit and grocery market at the corner of the block.

Three-thirty. His mind turned over in its lazy dreaming and he thought that the miners should soon be coming home from the colliery that squatted at the edge of the town among black hills of culm. Pike City was in the heart of Pennsylvania's anthracite belt. The seven-year-old boy knew that shortly after the whistle blew, the men always came past his father's house in a grimy procession of two's and three's, turning off into the various side streets where they lived. His father was one of the men in the procession. They walked with a resolute tread, the hob-nails of their boots banging out the story of their fatigue on the sidewalks. The black coal dust of the mine encrusted their clothes and clung to their faces giving them the appearance of minstrels in blackface. Their tongues wet their lips and cleaned them, sometimes giving the appearance of a smile. They all carried big tin lunch pails, and some had water canisters slung over their shoulders on ropes. When Martin's father came, the boy would go down off the porch and follow him to the back porch and watch him as he stripped to the waist and sat upon the steps to remove his begrimed boots before going into the house.

"Miners are always black like the coal they mine," the boy mused abstractly while he waited for the workers to come home.

Watching the return of the men was a particular part of the enchantment of languorous summer days. It afforded even more joy than the hunting of cats in the jungles of Garrison's lumber yard. Besides, he had a singular interest in the ritual. Would he not one day be a miner himself?

"When I grow up, I'm going to work in the mines," he valiantly informed the Owen circle—his father, his mother and his sister Ethel—one night as they sat at supper.

"Not if I have anything to say about it," his father snapped emphatically.

His father always said the mines were no good for a man. "If you don't get it in a rock fall or an explosion, the dust will get you," he maintained. "Miner's asthma," they called it when the dust of the coal and rock got into your lungs and scratched them and made it hard to breathe. Sometimes in the night, Martin would hear his father get out of bed in the grip of great wracking coughs and go to the bathroom to cough up the dust that was in his lungs.

However, the danger of rock falls or explosions or miner's asthma only increased the particular intoxication that the boy felt when he thought of working in the mines. He lived secure in the conviction that his father would someday permit him to become a miner.

"But now they should be coming from the mine," he thought.

Suddenly the sound of many running feet broke into his dreamings, and at the same instant, his thoughts snapped alert and he remembered that the miners would not be coming. Hadn't his father said at the table last night, "The strike is called for tomorrow?"



Martin understood that during this thing called "strike," the men did not go down into the mine to work but stood outside the colliery fence in their clean clothes waiting till the colliery operators decided to pay them more money. In the morning, his father had gone in his clean clothes with the other men.

Now he saw them coming down the middle of the street from the direction of the mine—many men running with one man in the lead. The lone man led the rest by about fifty yards. Something was strange. The man who ran before the others had on his work-begrimed clothes and carried his lunch pail, yet this was the day of the strike when all the men wore clean clothes to the colliery and left their lunch pails at home.

Martin stood upon the top step, tense at the sight of the running men. As the man in the lead passed, he saw that he was old and his mouth was open wide as he gasped for breath. Great

(Please Turn Page)

Robert Dorang graduates from Lehigh University in June, 1949. His home is in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where he found the subject matter for "No Good For A Man." Having done the drawings which decorate his story, he decided that a photograph of himself was more Dorang, perhaps, than GOBLET readers might want. A journalism major, Mr. Dorang wishes to get into newspaper work—anywhere—after a four-year university education which, in his words, was "pretty unspectacular—no honors, no awards." The staff takes exception to these words by placing "No Good For A Man" in the first-place story spot in this issue.

drops of sweat covered the man's forehead; and, as they ran down his temples and his cheeks, they left smutty streaks where they washed away the coal grime. He carried a light coat over his arm and swung his lunch pail as he ran. The old man's legs thrashed forward wildly and once his steps seemed to falter. As he turned the corner and



disappeared around Ecker's store, Martin saw his coat slip from his arm and fall unheeded upon the street.

In the instant that the old man's stride seemed to waver, the men behind flung a fierce shout after him, encouraging him, Martin thought, and then they seemed to increase their speed. They swept past the startled boy in a tumult of wild cries that rose above the pounding of their feet on the pavement. Their sweat-soaked shirts clung wetly to their heaving frames and they jostled against each other as they ran. Leading the pack of about two dozen, were three younger men, their faces glistening in the sun as they leaned forward stretching out their legs in long, swift movements.

They swept around the corner as the old man had, while Martin stood fixed with frightened amazement upon the top step of his father's porch. Across the street, a wiry little woman with a dish towel still in her hand burst like a frightened but inquisitive bird from a door and scurried down the street toward the corner where the commotion had disappeared. Several faces peered out of front doors apprehensively, and startled, feminine queries were flung about the street.

As Martin ran to the corner, he wondered what the old man and the young men had been chasing. He had never before seen men run like that.

The same feeling that he felt when he saw the town fire engine race past seized him.

He broke around the corner in a run and then came to a fumbling halt as he saw the men in clean shirts milling around the street in the middle of the block. They were still shouting—not to the old man in the sooty working clothes—but to one of the young men who was jumping viciously upon the old man's tin lunch pail. The old miner had evidently dropped it in his haste. The young destroyer was crushing the pail like a tin can flattened under the wheels of an automobile. The old man was not in sight.

"This is a lesson for strike breakers," the young man shouted, gleefully triumphant as he finished the crushing of the pail.

"Yeah! Show him how we treat scabs," a sweaty faced man cried in approval. Others shouted encouragement and expletives that puzzled the wide-eyed boy.

Another of the younger men had appropriated the old man's discarded coat. He stood squarely upon it, and pulling upward with both hands, skillfully ripped each sleeve away from the body of the coat.

Suddenly Martin knew that these men had not been running with the old man but after him. What had been mystery before was now naked violence. The knowledge stunned him.

Martin realized that the old man must have eluded the pack by cutting off through the yards. The street was empty except for a little knot of timorous women who stood back speaking to each other in voices hushed with fright. They searched the faces to see if their husbands were among the men.

Martin turned away from the scene sick at heart. He wanted to leave the place and the loathsome men who had run like animals after the old miner. He turned down the alley that ran behind Ecker's store and past his own backyard. He walked slowly with dejected step, his head down and his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his knee-length pants.

At the rear of Ecker's store he glanced in through the back door where the delivery trucks came to unload groceries. Then he saw the old miner inside the store. He was

hunched down behind the counter in a prayerful attitude looking up at the widow Ecker with imploring eyes.

"My God, woman!" the old man supplicated, his voice distorted as he labored for breath. "You've got to hide me. I can't go out there now. They'll kill me. If they get their hands on me now, they'll kill me for sure. I can't go out on that street now." He had lost his miner's cap, and hunched and panting behind the counter, with his wet, gray hair hanging stringily down on his forehead, he looked now like a small vulnerable animal.

The widow Ecker, a gaunt, coarse-faced woman, ran the little market that was her heritage from her dead husband. Now she paced back and forth before the counter with flustered steps. She pressed her hands together, threw them apart and looked directly at the trembling old man.

"Why did you come in here? I don't even know you! Why didn't you go someplace else? They'll be smashing my windows," she cried in a suppressed wail. "They'd wreck the store if they knew I hid you here. What made you come in here in the first place?"

"I had to get away," the frantic man explained. "I couldn't run anymore. I doubled back in the alley and the door was open. In a minute they'll be coming in here to ask if you've seen



me. For the love of God, lady, isn't there someplace in here where I can hide?"

"The cellar!" the woman ventured suddenly. "I'll let you hide in the cellar if you stay down there till after dark and leave after I close the store. If they ever find I hid you, I'll be ruined in this town."

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SOPHOMORE SNOW BALL

Sponsored by the Class of '51, the *Snow Ball* has all the ear-marks of being the greatest winter event to hit these hallowed halls in many a year. Its main purpose is simply to get together as many members of the Lehigh family as possible for one of the best times of their lives. The *Snow Ball* will climax a unique program of social activities. Couples are urged to attend the Don Cossack concert Friday evening and the Varsity "L" Tea Dance at the 'Choir Saturday afternoon, as well as the Villanova basketball game which will take place just before the *Snow Ball*.

The upper deck of Grace Hall is in for a terrific face lifting in preparation for the event. Decoration details have been placed on the Top Secret list by the Dance Committee.

However, after subjecting the Chairman to a horrible torture known as Kinneybeer, I was able to cull the following info. There will be at least three Xmas trees decorated with boucoup lights, balls, etc. A gigantic snow man will be situated at one end of the room, but no amount of torture would force the Chairman to reveal what will be at the other end. In fact, at this point the torture became so excruciating that he passed out and slid beneath the table. I guess we will just have to come to the thing to see what is on the other wall.

Sometime later the chairman came to life muttering about what fun everyone will have because Santa is coming to the *Snow Ball* to disperse gifties among the merrymakers. He chortled gayly over how the caroling by the members of the Glee Club will add real old fashioned Christmas spirit to the affair.

"Boy, are the people gonna have a wonderful time at that there shindig, boyohboyohboyohhhh," he said as he assumed a crumpled position on the floor. One thing our friend forgot to mention is that the music "at that there shindig" is going to be supplied by that real-gone combo', The Collegians. I've heard via the grapevine that there is also going to be a real red-hot, high-type M. C. known to his several thousand intimates as Doc Savage.



MRS. HARRIET CAMERON

The "Snow Queen" of the Class of '51

... Is Mrs. Harriet Cameron, of Orchard Park, New York, who until her marriage only four weeks ago was Miss Harriet Roth. Mrs. Cameron is a charming blond, about five feet, five inches tall, with enchanting blue eyes and a captivating smile. As can be seen from her picture, she is most beautiful. She possesses as much personality as beauty, and is as easy to talk with as she is to look at. From her varied interests she chooses skiing and swimming as her favorites.

When she returned from her honeymoon, and was informed about winning the contest her first response was, strange as it may seem, "Oh, a new dress!" The explanation for this remark is that, upon learning her picture

had been submitted in the contest, she bet her husband would buy her a new dress if she won.

After graduating from secretarial school, Mrs. Cameron worked first as secretary and receptionist for a photographer, then as secretary to the Registrar at Drew University, Madison, N. J. (*Note to Goblet advertisers:* Here is your chance to hire a capable and beautiful secretary!)

I guess a few words (very few) should be said about her husband. He is Don Cameron, a Business student, Class of '50, member of Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity, and hales from Chatham, N. J. He is undoubtedly the luckiest and happiest guy at Lehigh.

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CURRENT CAMPUS CLOTHES

by Norman Seim and Gilbert Riley

Believing that at least once a year some mention should be made of current style trends, we pass on, for what they are worth, tips and taboos concerning today's clothing for college men.

As usual, sport clothes are still number one on the campus preference list, although suits are rapidly becoming standard wear for dates and other special occasions.

In the sport coat department, tweeds seem to be most popular with solid color coats, such as blue and brown camel's hair, in close pursuit. Corduroy coats of various color are fast becoming the best all-round coat for both casual and dress-up wear. Then, of course, there are blazers, with or without collars, which have a large collegiate following.

Slacks are primarily solid color, with emphasis on durable, crease-keeping materials such as gabardines and worsteds. Venetian coverts, checks and glen plaids are seen quite commonly, but gray flannel in its various shades is still tops with college men everywhere. This year it is the dark oxford shade which seems to be getting the play.

In suits, as well as in slacks, gray flannel still occupies the top spot. Gabardine takes over in the Spring as the most popular suit. Herringbones and plaids are worn a good deal as are sharkskins, coverts and worsteds, the latter ranging in pattern from nail-heads to pinstripes. Single-breasted suits far outnumber double-breasted with college men, possibly because sleeveless sweaters replace vests with single-breasted suits. Suede and corduroy vests also get some attention on campus.

Scarcity of white shirts is no longer the problem it was some months ago. Numerous collar styles are readily available among brand name lines. Some of these are normal collar and regular length points, spread collars, button-down and tab collars. For the knit tie enthusiast it's a toss-up between the oxford button-down shirt

and the broadcloth spread collar shirt, both of which are designed to show off the Windsor knot to best advantage. French cuffs are back in fad coupled with new, bold cuff links of heavy gold.

In the colored shirt line, solids are far more popular with college men than stripes. Oxford cloth is usually the material desired in these solid colored shirts. The "Bold Look" idea has fostered pastel shirts ranging from baby blue to an actual pink, and featuring prominent stitching on both collar and cuff. We ought to add at this point that this type of shirt has not as yet, been generally accepted by Lehigh men.



Justin McCarthy and Jim Wilson

As far as ties are concerned, knits and bows still rank A-1 with college men, closely followed by diagonal stripes. The splashy, flashy ties of wartime fame seem to be on the decline. Apparently college men want their ties to make sense, for neat figures and of course the various wool plaids and stripes are far more popular than wild designs. A notable exception is bow-ties which still are apt to feature bright, irregular patterns, although more conservative stripes and figures can be found. The new "Bold Look" ties embody principles of both the standard knit and wool four-in-hand ties. They are extra long to accommodate a Windsor knot. Solid



Florrie O'Donnell and Tom Brennan

colors and small, fine checks are still favored by the conservative dresser.

For this season of the year, argyle socks far outstrip such secondary choices as solid color wools and the old reliable cottons and rayons in both short and regular lengths. For the most part hand-knit argyles are preferred but machine knits are rapidly approaching hand-knits in so far as identical appearance goes. For informal wear wool athletic socks and loafers top the field.

College men and hats don't seem to go together at all! Practically the only time the average bare-headed collegian dons a hat is for protection against the elements, or as a distinctive feature for football games, such as the wool caps currently sported by members of several living groups at Lehigh. Pork pies made of some water repellent fabric are the accepted rain hats, except for the dinks, of course, which suddenly appear bearing numerals of the last ten years, whenever it rains.

For classroom wear tieless white shirts under sweaters are most popular. Ski-sweaters and wool plaid sport shirts seem to rank second. Despite the passage of time ex-GI wear is still seen in quantity on many campuses. Pinks or O.D.'s which refuse to wear out, field jackets, raincoats and khaki

shirts are evident, an indication of either the durability of Uncle Sam's issue or of the emptiness of the average veteran's wallet.

Casual outerwear for the college man ranges from fur collared short flying



Bob Gehlmeyer

jackets to regular length lined coats with or without the fur collar. Topcoats of Covert and Gabardine are still most widely worn for dress, while reversibles have almost disappeared from the campus scene. Zip-in liners make overcoats out of topcoats, without the added bulk, a desirable feature for campus wear. Trench coat model raincoats still prevail.

We have tried to give you a general picture of style trends on this as well as other campuses. Following are some particularized questions which are designed to test your Style I. Q. If you score seven or more correct answers you may consider yourself above average; if five or six, average; and if less than five we suggest a session with "Esquire."

1. The accepted length of trousers should be:

- short enough to show your socks.
- long enough to permit a slight break.
- long enough to reach the heel but not cover it.

2. A regimental tie design is:

- a striped pattern.
- a solid color.
- one which pertains to military objects.

3. For formal evening affairs—dinners, dances, theatre parties and weddings—the following wear is correct:

- tails.
- tux.
- either tails or tux.

4. The "Bold Look" man may be recognized by his:

- complete coordination of ensemble.
- extra loud tie.
- matching belt and shoes.

(YES or NO)

5. Plaid suits accompanied by plaid ties give one a well balanced look?

6. Certain green ties blend well with blue suits?



George Yocum

7. Odd slacks can often be matched with a sport coat to form a suit?

8. Cordovan leather is the protective covering over a horse's kidney?

9. Cashmere is a fine wool found beneath the outside hair on a goat?

10. A "Great Ghost" is a new shade of flannel suit?

ANSWERS

1. b, 2. a, 3. a, 4. a.
5. No, plaid ties are never worn with plaid suits.
6. No, blue suits and green ties just

7. No, for coat and slacks to match, they must be cut from the same bolt of material.

8. Yes.

9. Yes.

10. No, "Great Ghost" is a trade name given by a well-known manufacturer to a type of long stadium coat.

NO GOOD FOR A MAN

(Continued from Page 6)

She caught the old man by the arm and propelled him stumbling to a door that opened on a descending stairway. Neither of the two persons saw the child that stared in at the door.

When Martin turned away, his sensibilities reeled under the second blow of excitement. He scuffled along, his mind in a torment. He kicked mercilessly at stones that lay loose in the alley. He crawled under the fence of Garrison's lumber yard and threw himself down on the sparse grass between two sheltering piles of stacked yellow pine and for a long time he lay there motionless. That night at the supper table, Martin stared sullenly at the fried ham and potatoes that his father placed upon his plate.

"There were some that broke the strike order today," the man commented abstractly as he ate. "Some of the men chased them when they tried to leave the colliery. They came in this direction." He looked inquisitively across the table at his wife.

"I heard some commotion, but I didn't go out," the woman replied. To her, the mine was principally a source of coal dust, dirty working clothes, and an insufficient income.

"Some always think they can work and still share the strike gains that we win for them," the man continued. "It's usually the old ones who never had a good wage before and don't know enough to fight for a good one now." He spoke matter-of-factly without bitterness.

Suddenly he turned to Martin and said, "Come on, boy, get at that food. You'll never work in the mines if you don't eat up."

Martin picked up his knife and fork. "They can make me eat," he thought, "Yes, they can do that to me, and I can bear it, but I'll never work in the

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LEHIGH LOOKS AT MODERN ART

AN INTERVIEW CONDUCTED

by *Gordon Arkinson and Garth Howland*



NOCTURNE IN 8½ D

In Composition Number One, "Nocturne in 8½ D", one finds "the path of exploration" such as one discovers in the cubistic paintings of Picasso. The eye travels down the perpendicular to the sharp curve of the piano end, then may be diverted either to the baroque curves of the "loafer" or by the straight edge to the paper lobster. Then one's attention shoots upward, past the soup can and the stiff stem of the flower. But before one's eye reaches the end of the journey in the upper left corner, attention is attracted by the black shadow extending to the right of the lobster, thence along the shadow of the plant to the tassel dangling on the line which ultimately leads one to the point of departure and the tour has been completed. But, at this point, one asks himself if this trip is really necessary.

"So you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't that romantic?" asked one sailor of another.

"No, it wasn't. I thought she was home taking care of the kids."

Mr. David Rudd's photographs of three recent compositions by Salvadore Dilly reveal aspects of a certain type of engineering mind—a predilection for triangular areas, a geometric relationship between forms, an avoidance of circular integration of disassociated objects through special arrangement by chiaroscuro.



HONEYMOON HOUSEWIFE

In "Honeymoon Housewife," Composition Number Two, is found a Caravaggio-esque interpretation of light and shade to obtain an intriguing pattern of contrast in angular and curved forms. One notes possible impish suggestions. For instance, try to find—just try to find—a baby standing on its head, a hobby horse, and at what the teapot is looking. Or, for that matter, at what you are looking.

"Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly after he had stolen a hurried kiss.

"Sure!" he replied, "but they take more time."



A Sketch of Mr. Dilly during his student days.

In Composition Number Three, "Hope Springs Eternal" we find a more classic treatment of the material; a somber theme is presented which lacks the whimsy of the other two. It suggests, perhaps, the end of life. The mutilated body, the ripened corn, the empty frame. Is this a cynical suggestion of death and finality? Or is the Y.W.C.A. placed in the composition to emphasize the greatly-mourned absence of feminine society on a university campus?



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

In conclusion, it may be seen that "Nocturne in 8½ D" and "Honeymoon Housewife" are stereotyped examples of decadent art which fail to leave the observer in a state of inspired confusion—the paramount purpose of Mr. Dilly's dallying. On the other hand, "Hope Springs Eternal" is an exulted illustration of a happy combination of the spirit and the flesh. Mr. Dilly remarked, "It came to me when riding on the Eighth Avenue El."



The 7th Question

by John H. Plumb, Jr.

?

Jim Harris left the Ramsay Brothers department store where he was employed as floorwalker, walked three blocks up 11th street to Charlie's news stand where he bought a copy of the *Evening Planet*, then walked one block down Lambeth Avenue to the Green Eagle restaurant. He sat down at the corner table by the window, opened the newspaper to the employment ads, and ran his eyes down the first column in the skeptical manner of the experienced job hunter.

Jim was almost through the fifth and last column when he suddenly straightened convulsively in his chair, pushed his soup aside, and flattened the paper out before him. He read the ad again and, incredibly, it said the same thing.

"Are you interested in a million dollars? It's yours for solving a simple problem in logic. Call at 1020 Hawthorne Road, Friday, January 20, at 9 A. M."

Most people might have had immediate visions of a life of unparalleled luxury, but Jim's concise, analytical mind began to function at once, and the impossibility of the whole thing became self-evident.

"Now I wonder what the catch is in that," he mused. "Because there has got to be a catch."

At eight forty-five the following morning Jim reached Hawthorne Road to find it crowded with several hundred people from all walks of life. They were all converging on a large, brownstone house on the corner of Haw-

thorne and Grove. A dozen policemen were valiantly trying to maintain some sort of order without much success. From the porch of the brownstone house a plump, red-faced young man shouted for attention.

"Please be quiet," he shrieked, and then he seemed quite taken aback by the deathly silence which followed. The man cleared his throat and continued.

"If you will please form a line we will be able to accomplish what we have to do, otherwise it may take all day."

The man then explained that each applicant for the money had to fill out a form and then be interviewed by the donator of the money, G. Angelus Prosper.

A stir ran through the crowd at the mention of the name.

"Why's he giving it away," asked a slatternly looking woman with a market basket over her arm?

"Don't worry, he ain't," chimed in a cynical young man in a flashy sport coat. "There's something funny going on. You wait and see."

It was nearly noon by the time Jim pushed through the front door. At the end of the hall the red-faced man was seated at a desk. He handed each new person a small printed form, and when it had been filled out he personally conducted the applicant into an inner room.

Immediately after Jim had filled out his form, Mr. Prosper's secretary con-

sulted a list and said, in a loud voice, "That makes two hundred. That's all for now. If none of the applicants is successful the rest of you may return next week at the same time."

Mr. Prosper sat at his ease in a large, padded swivel chair behind a monstrous oaken desk. He was a tall, thin, aesthetic-looking individual with thin grey hair and a neatly trimmed mustache, not at all the sort of man whom one would associate with a million dollars. His long, white fingers toyed incessantly with a meerschaum pipe which he seemed to have no intention of smoking.

Prosper indicated a chair to Jim then spoke to his secretary.

"The last one, Harold?"

"Yes, sir," replied the plump young man. "Mr. Harris is the two-hundredth."

"Fine, fine," enthused Prosper. "You may go about your regular work now, Harold."

He turned to Jim.

"I'll be very brief, Mr. Harris," he said. "Not long ago I arrived at the conclusion that the main thing wrong with the world today is stupidity. All my life I have been bothered by having to deal with people who didn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Therefore, I have decided to leave all my money, less one million dollars, to educational institutions dedicated to the task of bringing some glimmering of reason to the ignorant masses. The

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?



John H. Plumb, Jr., a senior, graduating June, 1949, has in the last year and a half, written and directed two radio dramas, "The Principle of the Thing" and "Two Oranges," over WCPA. A true experience, entitled "The Last Twenty-Four Hours," of his authorship, is to appear in an anthology of war stories now under preparation at Becker Junior College, Worcester, Mass.

?



William Swallow

This is the First of a Series of
Student Interviews



Text and Pictures

David Rudd

For over two hundred years the Pennsylvania Dutch in this area had continued to make necessary useful articles in pottery, taking this art for granted in their everyday life. But in 1936, there came to the South Whitehall School system in Allentown, a new art director who gave the children a new sense of pride in their family achievements, and a formal training in the techniques of ceramic art. This man was William Swallow, who, born in Scranton in 1912, grew up in a family of nature lovers who expressed themselves in modelling clay. When the boy was only six years old, his father died, and his mother, A. Irene Swallow, centered her attention on her son helping him to attain his present eminence.

His home on the outskirts of Allentown is a combination of a museum and workshop; on the walls are original water color sketches and photographs of his sculptures, on the tables are figurines and decorative bowls of his creation. When Mr. Swallow opened the door at the top of the stairs leading to the studio, we noticed small figures placed along the ledge in front of us—

a few of these can be seen in the photograph. In the hallway itself there were several portrait busts, and a decorative Amish figure. Hanging on a pillar was a group of what appeared to be plates of unusual design, but, upon asking, we were told that they were ceramic plaques using Pennsylvania butter mold designs. By the end of our visit we had become familiar with this type of regional art, which the sculptor uses for decorative motifs on many of his larger terra cotta pieces. The shelves which line one wall of the hallway hold in their many compartments both finished and unfinished works of sculpture and ceramics.

When we entered the studio we were surprised to find that it looked like an attractively furnished living room rather than the usual workshop of a sculptor or painter. On one side of the room there was a big fireplace with a comfortable couch in front of it. Another side had the appearance of a museum where the artist had arranged his work on pedestals of wood which he himself had made. On the walls hung detailed pencil studies and water

color paintings; and about the room were many carvings in wood and terra cotta compositions. Carving is basic in Swallow's work; even his ceramic forms have the gouged-out appearance of wood carving. When we saw a mobile hanging in a corner we were convinced of this artist's versatility.

In another accompanying photograph we can see the artist working on a study head of his mother. Beside him on the table is a small bowl of his own design, while behind his mother is a water color, almost completed at the time of our visit. On the left is a rack of finished paintings, among which is one that hung in the Lehigh University Art Gallery this fall. Back of the holder is one of the most unusual objects in the studio, the Swallow Christmas tree, a cactus which grows in the yard during the summer and is brought indoors each winter to be hung with decorations during the



The Artist at Work

Christmas season. In the foreground there is a table which also serves as a stool. A terra cotta duck sits quietly on top, while underneath, rooting in the grass rug, is a terra cotta pig with Pennsylvania Dutch designs on its sides.

Swallow told us an interesting story about this pig. In the fall of 1941, he took two sculptured pigs to a local kiln to be fired. The next day the workmen went on strike; then War II was declared and civilian activity came to a standstill. The pigs lay on top of 95,000 bricks in the beehive oven until 1946. In the spring of that year, he was told that his almost-forgotten pigs were still in the kiln. One was shoveled out in pieces; the other one was cracked and looked like an antique.

The first kiln which Swallow used was oil heated, but, oil being dangerous he changed to an electric kiln which he still uses to fire his smaller pieces. The larger ones are fired in a brick kiln with coal and take a week to bake. Sometimes he digs his own clay from the pits around Allentown, but he usually buys what he needs and lets it stand for a year, freezing in the winter and baking in the summer to kill all the vegetable matter. When he starts to work with the clay, he first makes a creamy slip with water and allows the clay to settle. The impurities of vegetable matter come to the surface and the pebbles sink to the bottom. The clay is decanted, sieved and put aside to age for a month or more. The longer it stands, the more plastic it becomes, and Swallow explained that he prefers to work with very plastic clay. Then he mixes in an equal amount of a pre-fired and ground up clay, called grog, which helps to keep down shrinkage, both in drying and in firing. Without the grog the clay would shrink 10 per cent; with it only 5 per cent. To 100 pounds of clay and 100 pounds of grog he mixes in ten pounds of iron filings and ten pounds of ebony manganese.

Firing is a crucial process in ceramic making. The moisture in the piece itself must be eliminated by slow firing at first, for if the outside of the piece vitrifies the moisture cannot escape, and the steam which it forms can explode the piece, ruining months of work. Slow firing brings out a white crystalline structure on the surface of the clay which gives it an interesting texture.

There are many means of obtaining color in ceramic pieces. A shiny copper tone can be obtained from reduction when the kiln does not receive enough oxygen. Besides the regular glazes,



Entrance Hall to Studio

which Swallow uses only when he wishes to obtain a 'sweet' effect, he works with a chemical stain which is painted on in a clay slip method. Clay in a watery state is chemically dyed and then brushed on. He achieves various other tones by rubbing manganese into the clay. A great deal of manganese fired at a high temperature gives a metallic effect. Common terra cotta clays contain iron oxide as an impurity and are colored by it during the

firing. The tendency today is to use fewer glazes and let the texture of the clay speak for itself.

After we had become acquainted with the studio and its interesting contents, we asked Swallow if he would work on one of his figures. In the photograph we can see him at work on a large terra cotta study of a double bass player, smoothing down the surface with a sandpaper stick, slowly and with the utmost care. This particular piece was started six months ago and is almost completed. Behind the artist we can see one of his pencil drawings of an Amish minister, which he made in terra cotta. Swallow explained that he plans carefully every piece of sculpture by making drawings of the subject before beginning his modelling.

In November 1946, Swallow won the \$500 prize in the National Show at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts for the sculpture group entitled "The Way of Red Clay, Amish Boy, Horse and Colt." It was done in an unglazed brown clay that conveyed great animal strength. He also won the \$100 prize given by the National Sculpture Society for his "Cow With the Silver Horn." His work has appeared in many salons of national ceramic exhibitions throughout the country, and is included in several permanent col-

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In the Studio

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE GRAPPLERS

by James Lawrence

Three Beats on the Mat—and the crowd went wild. La Sasso had pinned Thomas of Waynesburg and brought Lehigh's winnings to *ten* consecutive victories.

Unlike the Gallup poll predictions this one will be true. It's guaranteed; it's in the bag. Sure, Lehigh has a tough schedule this year; but so what? Lehigh's got a tough team. *Keep your eye on them.*

The Ericson brothers are back with us this year, Eric in the 155 lb. class, and Ed in the 165 lb. group. You, who saw them last year, know their abilities. This year, they are one year older and one year better. Other top-notchers of last year's squad include: Bastinelli 128, Kelsey 136, Jackson 175, and in the heavy-weight group LaSasso, and Bernat. Billy Sheridan, along with the rest of us, holds much respect and confidence in their abilities. Though Billy modestly holds from predictions, he nevertheless confidently states "these boys will be tough for their opponents." Those of us without

modesty know that these boys will beat their opponents.

The first on the list to bow to the Brown and White Grapplers is Rutgers. Lehigh has not wrestled this group since 1942. They needed a six year rest period to recuperate. After December 11, when our boys show them what Grace Hall's ceiling looks like there's no telling when we'll have a return engagement. Some reports indicate that Rutgers looked pretty snappy in '47-'48; maybe so; but the wind put in their sails of last season will disappear at 8:00 p. m. when they meet wrestlers—that wrestle.

Contrary to the schedules of previous years, the boys will have three meets in December; formerly there was only one meet. On the 18th and 21st we meet the University of Pennsylvania and Washington & Lee respectively. This new set-up will make the road to victory a little harder to run; but also it will bring out the real quality of our boys. We know we can depend on them.

The boys will have their share of big teams in the first months of the New

Year Penn State, for example, has always been a nip and tuck affair. Yale, though having a bad squad one year, usually comes back the next with some stiff opposition. Moreover, we can't forget that we tied with F. and M. last season in the National Collegiate Championships. Then there are both Army and Navy to consider. They have frequently illustrated other than military strategy.

Three new teams have been added to this year's schedule and one was dropped. V.M.I. is the lost sheep for this season. The new ones, Rutgers, Washington and Lee, and Waynesburg bear a more bitter fruit of opposition. Washington and Lee were champions of the Southern Conference last year. Waynesburg finished in sixth place in the National Collegiate Championship. They had one champion in the 125-lb. class, and in the 160-lb. class their representative finished in fourth place.

Well, that's the score. There'll be plenty of competition for us; there will be many exciting moments. After the last meet of the season we'll all be cheering them, just as we do now.

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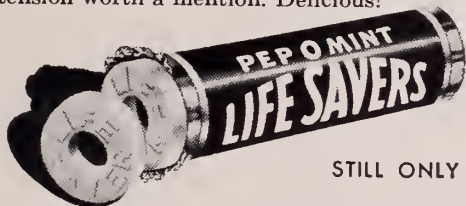
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THIS MONTH'S JOKE SUBMITTED BY

DON STYER, DRAVO HOUSE

The sergeant strode into the barracks and shouted, "O.K. you lazy &?%s, hop hop to it and fall in."

The soldiers grabbed their hats and lined up—all except one, who lay on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well?" roared the sergeant.

"Well," said the soldier, tapping the ashes off his cigar, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

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A Russian spent a year in America and returned to tell his adventures to his friend. "Boris," he said, "if you like it here, you should see America. You drive about in a limousine—for free. You eat dinners at the finest hotels—for free. You stay in beautiful rooms—for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.

"To me, no; but to my sister, yes!"

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NO GOOD FOR A MAN

(Continued from Page 9)

mines." He thought again of the glistening faces of the young men as they had raced after the old miner, and he knew it would take a determined effort to eat the food before him. He wanted to throw himself away from the table, to break away from the house and the town where everything was coal dust and chasing each other like animals.

Then he thought of what he had seen through the open door of Ecker's store. It was a great secret that he possessed. How they would like to know where the old miner had dis-

appeared! They would surely throw rocks through the windows of the widow's store. The knowledge that he held was his weapon of secret defiance. Not even his father would know.

"Someday when I'm old enough," Martin thought, "I'll go away from this town. I'll go a thousand miles. And I'll take any old job I can get. Anything will suit me. I'll never work in the mines with men like these. And I'll never tell them how the old man got away from them—ever!"

"Tell me the story of the police raiding your fraternity."

"Oh, that's a closed chapter now."

WILLIAM SWALLOW

(Continued from Page 13)

lections, including that of the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The day before our visit, he had been in New York City acting as a judge in the sculpture division of the Audubon Society Exhibition. His conversation revealed his great sympathy for the less successful artist. He is a tall, soft-spoken, sincere, and very likeable six-footer; and his skill and sincerity heightened our understanding and appreciation of an artist's outlook on his own creations and his influence in creating beauty in the world.

The 7th Question

(Continued from Page 11)

one million dollars I wish to give immediately to someone intelligent enough to enjoy it sensibly and fully. Therefore, I have formulated a simple problem in logic which, in my opinion, will guarantee that the money goes to such a person."

"What is the problem," asked Jim?

Prosper smiled. "It's really a sort of game which must be played according to my rules. First, the problem: I am thinking of a material object in the world. That is all the clue I can give you. Your task is to find out what that object is by asking me one question a day for a period of one week. If, after the seventh question, you can give the correct answer you get the million dollars. Easy isn't it?"

Jim frowned. "That depends on the sort of questions I am permitted to ask."

Prosper clapped his hands like a small boy at the prospect of a circus.

"Ah," he enthused. "I see you appreciate the difficulties. As I have said there are rules to be followed. You may ask only certain types of questions. First, categorical questions which may be answered by yes or no; second, a question involving alternatives such as, Which is true, A or B?; and third, hypothetical questions of the type, Assuming A is this would B be that? Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "But . . ."

"Oh, that isn't all," interrupted Prosper. "On my part I promise to answer each question of yours with absolute truth so that there can be no doubt in your mind as to my meaning. Also, I guarantee that the object is something that you are acquainted with and also something that is capable of being physically interpreted by any of the five senses."

"I'm afraid it is going to be very difficult," said Jim.

"But not impossible I assure you," chortled Prosper. "One thing more; you may have only one guess as to the object. You may make your guess after any of the questions, but if you miss you are immediately disqualified. Now, in all fairness to the other applicants, I think we must consider our interview at an end."

Ramsay Brothers' youngest floor-walker was a complete bust all day. He directed a man looking for double-barrelled shotguns to Ladies Lingerie, and told one bewildered lady that the Ready-to-Rear department was in the wear.

When he reached his room that evening he sat down, took out several sheets of paper and a pencil, lighted a cigarette, and set to work. Three hours later he ground out the last of fifteen cigarettes, threw the papers into the wastebasket and exclaimed: "It can't be done. No matter how you look at it it's impossible. The whole thing is some sort of a monstrous joke."

He sat and thought for another hour but nothing came. Then he went to bed but he didn't sleep. At four o'clock he swore savagely and pounded the pillow. Then he began to laugh.

"After all I've got nothing to lose," he thought. "Perhaps the key to the affair doesn't appear until after the second or third question. The first question is obvious. The problem concerns a question of location. If the object is something large like the Taj Mahal or the Grand Canyon, I think it can be done. Anyway the first question is obvious," and with that he went to sleep.

At noon the next day Jim walked into Prosper's office, leaned over the desk and asked, somewhat belligerently, "Is the object in the eastern or western hemisphere?"

"Sixty-three," said Prosper, making a notation in a large notebook.

"I beg your pardon," said Jim.

Prosper grinned; almost maliciously.

"I only meant that you are the sixty-third person who has asked that question today. The answer is that the object is in the western hemisphere."

"I didn't expect that my question would be unique," said Jim with some asperity. "But what on earth did the others ask, those outside the sixty-three that is?"

"Only one question a day," replied Prosper. "Besides, that is an improper question. It isn't categorical, hypothetical or alternative in nature, and by the rules of our little game I am not permitted to answer it."

"In other words," said Jim, "any question that I ask from now on will be interpreted as part of the game."

"That too is a question," chuckled Prosper.

Jim reddened.

"I regard it as a statement," he said.

"In that case no answer is required," Prosper shot back, then he sat back in his chair, a more kindly look on his face.

"I like you, Mr. Harris," he began. "You are quick to grasp the implications of our little battle of wits, but perhaps you haven't grasped all of them. I should, by all rights, disqualify you from further competition. Every question has an application, directly or indirectly, to the problem at hand. If I permit you to ask more than one question a day I am cheating your competitors. Even if I fail to answer such bonus questions you, being a clever man, can imply certain things from my silence. I won't penalize you this time, but don't let it happen again."

"I understand," said Jim, and at the same time he muttered under his breath, "you clever, clever fiend."

"Next," called Prosper to a little rat-faced man wearing gold spectacles who had poked his head in the doorway.

Jim walked out, and as he reached the front door a triumphant cry of "sixty-four" floated down the hallway. Jim slammed the door savagely.

That night Jim went at the next question scientifically. The next step was to narrow the area down to North or South America, or perhaps to an island in the western hemisphere.

"How," he thought, "can I word the question so as to get the greatest possible value from the answer?"

At first he decided to ask simply, "Is the object in continental North America or Continental South America?" This question had three possible answers. If the answer was, "neither," he might infer that the object was on an island.

He had just about concluded that he was on the right track when an idea struck him.

"It's extremely improbable that the object is on an island," he decided. There aren't many universally known objects on western hemisphere islands. It is also unlikely, although by no means impossible or even improbable

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AND LO, A STAR —

by Otto Ehram

"... And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."—(MATTHEW 2:9).

Each year with the opening of the Christmas season, many articles appear in astronomical magazines regarding the Christmas Star. Some interpretations have a scientific basis, others, a supernatural or legendary basis. The Christmas Star, according to an academic theory, was a nova—a star which suddenly flares in the heavens and fades away to its original magnitude after a period of a few months or weeks. Of all theories this is probably the most plausible. But the theory that the planets Saturn, Mars and Jupiter formed a triangle in the constellation Pisces and shone brilliantly as one heavenly body, advanced as early as 1604 by Kepler, bears much weight, although the planet Venus in its most brilliant phase is brighter than any conjunction of the three planets. Because of the uncertainty of the exact date of the birth of Christ, it is impossible to determine definitely scientifically the origin of the Christmas Star. People, then, seem content with the Biblical statement that a star in the east guided the Magi, that an unusually large star did exist at that time.

Bethlehem, named the Christmas City, employs the star as a central theme in its traditional display of lights. From a distance of twenty miles can be seen a man-made star, shining down from the top of South Mountain. This star, which has a vertical ray eighty-one feet high, a horizontal ray fifty-three feet long, is twenty-five feet in diameter. It was erected temporarily in 1937 and permanently in 1939.

Years before the city's Christmas Star was erected, light decoration was quite popular in business districts. So popular, in fact, that the Chamber of Commerce sponsored city-wide street festoons of colored lights. The program became a reality in 1937 through contributions from citizens, retailers,

and industries. The star on South Mountain became the model for those used in street decorations. Each year in which it has been possible there have been extensions of lighting to include further sections of the town. Lights in the form of bells have been added, and on the Hill to Hill Bridge an enormous, beautifully-lighted tree has been built annually from many small trees.

The people of Bethlehem observe another Christmas tradition in the Putz, or the decorations in the space beneath the Christmas tree known as the "putzen." Many of the nativity figures in the Putz have been handed down from generation to generation, but all must be made, in order to keep the true spirit of the season, by members of the family or by friends of the family. In 1937 members of an astronomy club at Lehigh University, under the guidance of Mr. Van Arnham, aided in the construction of the community Putz. The Putz is best described by Dr. A. D. Thaeler of Bethlehem: "The Putz is a form of poetry, for though it is not written with ink on paper, nor painted with pigments on canvas, it is worked out with the carved wood, moss and tinsel into a picture which stirs something back of the bare reason—the faculty of the imagination."

A custom which the Moravians brought from Germany when they first came to Bethlehem is the Christmas Eve candle-light service. Beeswax candles made from the moulds used in the first candle-light service in 1847 are used. All lights in the church are extinguished to emphasize the flickering flames from the beeswax candles and light from the Putz.

The townspeople realized during the war what the absence of their Christmas lights meant. The gleaming star was not over Bethlehem, and they felt more deeply the meaning associated with the star. When the war was over, the great star on South Mountain appeared once again; the feeling in the hearts of the people was once again, "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

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LAST CAR

(AN INCIDENT)

by Robert M. Haft

It was dark, dark and filled with shadows that the dim yellow lights served to emphasize rather than dispel. The darkness lay brooding in the corners, and clung to the iron girders, and drifted through the air. Then, the clashing roar of the onrushing trains filled the huge space with shattering sound that rebounded from the walls and shook the platform as if seeking to tear the concrete up by its steel roots. Everywhere lay the dead smell of the tired, used-up air that filled the great tunnel.

A train roared up and screeched to a stop. The doors opened quickly and a few people came out; those on the platform gathered hurriedly around the doors and shuffled in. The doors rammed shut, as if in a hurry to shut out life, and the train jerkily began to move forward. Inside the glare of lights was strong, bringing into harsh relief the faces of the people sitting there.

By now the train had gathered speed and the thundering bellow of its wheels filled the car. The passengers sat slumped in their seats staring dully in front of them. Some held limply to overhead straps, disinterestedly reading the posters. Then there was a sudden movement in the front end of the car, and he came in. For a moment he paused in the doorway, the light blazing fully on him; and the nearer passengers looked startled at the sight. There was an air of ruin about the figure that made it unbelievably pathetic, a tragic remnant of a human being. His back was twisted and deformed, and he moved with a grotesque crab-like motion. His left hand clutched a white stick, the universal symbol of the blind; his right hand was stretched before him, palm upwards, the bony fingers begging. His thin hair was deciding between grey and white, and the years of poverty and pain had left their mark on his ashen face. His wide empty eyes stared straight ahead. Slowly he moved forward, tapping the cane before him; one step, two taps; step, tap-tap; step,

tap-tap. Not a word passed from his lips. The mute gesture spoke far more eloquently.

The reactions of the passengers were varied: some stared with unabashed morbid curiosity, others tried to ignore the sight by looking quickly at an advertisement which somehow had formerly escaped their attention. Some of the travelers were completely indifferent, others began fumbling for their wallets. No one spoke.

He had not passed the third seat when suddenly, without warning, the lights blinked, faded, and then went out, leaving the passengers alone in the roaring darkness. There was a sudden flurry of shifting and adjusting throughout the car, and a babble of muffled voices that rose above the noises, and then a sudden hush as if someone had turned the voices off. They had all heard it at once, something that had been forgotten in the momentary fluster: step, tap-tap; step, tap-tap. It could be heard over the thunder of the swaying car, reaching every seat, every person. The darkness seemed to weigh down, to suffocate. Electric tension rose throughout the car, and not a syllable was spoken.

On the sound went, moving slowly down the car. Just where it was, only those nearest could tell. Time seemed to cease; everything was forgotten except that single sound, step, tap-tap. From somewhere an hysterical, half-smothered giggle rose and died. Relentlessly the sound went on, step, tap-tap. The tension was reaching the breaking point . . .

With heart-choking suddenness the lights blazed on, illuminating every corner of the car. A gasp of exhaled air could be heard as the passengers blinked at the sudden glare of light. Then, with one accord, all eyes were focused on the figure of the beggar. He had almost reached the end of the car, still shuffling forward slowly, with his hand outstretched—empty as when he had begun. A few more steps and his stick struck the metal door frame.

Slowly his hand fell to his side, and for a moment he turned around to the people. His empty eyes mocked them silently, eyes that knew no light, that saw only endless darkness. He turned once more and leaned against the metal wall. The squeal of the brakes drowned out a strangled sob as the train pulled into the station.

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THE 7TH QUESTION

(Continued from Page 16)

that the object is in South America. After all, Prosper guarantees that each applicant is acquainted with the object, and that applies to the stupidest of the two hundred applicants."

He began to feel that he was making progress.

"I can go even further than that," he exclaimed. "Since the problem was decided upon before any interviews took place, Prosper must have taken into consideration the stupidest person who could possibly answer the ad. That almost certainly eliminates islands, and probably eliminates South America. Therefore, I can feel fairly safe, if not certain, in assuming that the object is in North America."

He mulled over the possibilities inherent in this theory and then decided upon his question, a question which would considerably narrow the geographical area to be covered, and which would yet leave a loophole in case the object was, after all, in South America.

The next day Prosper smiled resignedly when Jim entered the office.

His pencil was poised over the notebook.

"Your question," he asked?

"First, I wish to define terms," said Jim. "By northern North America I mean Canada, Greenland, Alaska, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. By southern North America I mean the United States and Mexico, nothing else."

Prosper began to look interested.

"My question," Jim continued, "is this: is the object in the northern or southern part of North America?"

Prosper laid down his pencil and looked keenly at Jim.

"That's very good," he said. "My respect for you has grown tremendously."

"Do I get an answer," snapped Jim?

"Impatient fellow, aren't you?" Prosper said. "Certainly you get an answer. By your definition the object is in the southern part of North America."

"Thank you," replied Jim, and left triumphantly.

"Five to go," he said as he sat down to his table in the Green Eagle.

"Huh," said the blonde?

"A sizzling steak, rare, with french-fries and broccoli," replied Jim.

Question number three was relatively simple. By relying on the rules of the game as they embraced the most ignorant possible applicant Jim eliminated Mexico, reasoning that the best known object in the country was Mexico City, and that plenty of people had never heard of it.

His question to Prosper was: "is the object north or south of the Mason-Dixon line in the part of the United States east of the Mississippi River?"

The answer was, "north!"

As Jim lay in bed that night he reflected that he had now reached a crucial point. He had to be very careful from here on in. With either of the next two questions he might undercut the object. In other words, he might miss it because it was too large. It might be a state, for example, or a mountain range or a long river. The longer he thought the less confidence he felt. He still had a monumental task before him.

(Please Turn Page)

THE 7TH QUESTION

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"I'll have to make my own breaks by using cleverly worded questions," he decided.

He pondered for another hour and finally, with a smile of satisfaction, he went to sleep.

Prosper was much more respectful the next day. He didn't even look toward the notebook, but just sat with his arms folded awaiting the question.

"Again I have to define terms," said Jim, and Prosper nodded.

"There are two sorts of areas which material objects may cover. First a geographical area which would be covered by such things as rivers, mountains, cities, states, etc., and second, a small area which would be covered by such objects as trees, buildings, articles of furniture, objects like the Liberty Bell or the Statue of Liberty, etc."

"I quite understand," said Prosper, "and your question is?"

"Which of these two kinds of areas are covered by the object in question?"

"By your definition a small area," replied Prosper, "and may I," he added, "offer you my congratulations on your keen reasoning. I don't mind telling you that there is only one other contestant who has advanced as far as you have, although he is using an altogether different line of inquiry."

As Jim left the brownstone house he could, for the first time, almost see that check for one million dollars. But a sober consideration of his position soon washed away his brief spell of over-confidence. There were, after all, only three questions left, and unless he played his cards with the supreme skill of a master his objective might escape through some unforeseen loophole.

"Now let's see," said Jim to himself that evening as he opened his sixth pack of cigarettes of the week.

"First of all the object is either in this city or not in this city. In either case it is a well-known object. If I find that it is outside the city I have two questions to narrow it down as to type, in which case I should be able to get it since anything outside the city must be very well known. I have the same chance if it is in the city, with the additional advantage that I can, by using a question similar to two or

three, narrow it down to either the west or east side of the city with the river as the dividing line."

Asking the obvious question the next day, Jim determined that the object was in the city and on the west bank of the river.

On the fifth evening he worked energetically and drew up a list of some four-hundred-and-fifty objects on the west side of town with which any reasonable person would be likely to be familiar. By using his theory about the most ignorant applicant he succeeded in cutting the list to one-hundred-and-eighty-five.

"My next job," he decided, "is to divide all these objects into two distinct classes, and the most probable class again into two classes."

Light was breaking over the city by the time he had decided upon his question.

"Assuming the object to be among the class of man-made objects," Jim asked Prosper, "is it functional or non-functional?"

Prosper sat back in his chair with an enigmatical look and said, "neither."

"Then," said Jim, rather disgustedly, "the object is definitely a natural one."

"You are entitled to your opinion," grinned Prosper, waving him out the door.

Jim didn't go to work that last day. He invented a non-existent grandmother, and then he killed her off, strictly for the benefit of the brothers Ramsay.

It was nerve-wracking to be so close to success and then to be confronted with the possibility of failure. Jim wondered what question he could possibly ask that would completely isolate the object of his search.

He was no closer to the answer by midnight than he had been when he left Prosper.

"A natural object, a natural object," he kept repeating grimly. Nothing on the list he had drawn up could be included in this class. "What on earth could Prosper be thinking of?"

"What natural objects took up little space but would be well-known? There was only one answer, but there were nearly a million people in the city, and several hundred of them were well-known."

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"Could it be Mayor Hollister," Jim wondered? He doubted it, but his doubt was based on intuition not on logic.

Jim felt that he was close to the answer, very close, but what good did that do. He had to be closer than close; he had to hit the nail right on the head. He had to be absolutely certain. To go in the next day with a question that dealt only with probabilities meant almost certain defeat.

Jim was so tense that his hands shook and he couldn't sit still. He paced back and forth across his room until the man below began pounding with the usual broomstick on the ceiling.

Horrid doubts began to assail Jim.

"Perhaps I'm completely off the track," he growled. "Perhaps I have not correctly evaluated Prosper's answers. Maybe I've made assumptions that weren't based on sound reasoning. I can see Prosper laughing up his sleeve at me right now."

He went over the six previous questions and their answers. They seemed to hang together perfectly, and yet Jim sensed that somehow, somewhere along the line he had missed something of vital importance. One word, one little shade of meaning, some obvious inference that he had failed to draw, might be the missing link.

"Perhaps it's myself," he thought. "Maybe each of us is searching for himself. The symbolism of the idea would appeal to Prosper. And yet, does any man really know himself? It's open to argument. It is certain that one of Prosper's rules is violated if the object is myself. For example, has anyone ever seen himself? Prosper might say that everyone has seen himself, but the point is a questionable one, and Prosper is too smart to get himself into any holes."

Jim toyed with this thought for a moment and the underlying implication of what he had just been thinking hit him.

"That's it, it must be," he exclaimed. He thumped his fist on the table. "What an incomparable idiot I've been," he moaned. "Prosper said it was simple. But why should I have believed him?"

The next morning Jim was the first to visit Prosper.

"Well, I see you think you have it," said Prosper.

"How can you tell," asked Jim, smiling confidently.

"It's five minutes past nine," said Prosper, looking at his watch. "You have until midnight tonight."

Jim grinned boyishly.

"Well, what's the question," asked Prosper?

"I don't want another question," he said. "The object in question is you, Prosper," and he pointed his finger accusingly.

There was a short surprised silence while Prosper stared at the finger, then he broke into hearty laughter.

"Young man," he said, "you are priceless."

"Is that or isn't it the answer?" Jim demanded.

"Yes, it is," replied Prosper, "but you amaze me. Up until now I had no inkling that you were so near a solution. I had about counted you out. Tell me, how did you do it?"

"First," said Jim, "could I trouble you for the million dollars?"

Prosper pulled open a drawer, took out his checkbook, and wrote a check for the required amount.

"There," he said, handing the check to Jim, "I've kept my bargain, now perhaps I can persuade you to tell me how you knew it was me."

"You made the rules," said Jim. "You know as well as I do how I knew. There was only one possible answer. If I had had my wits about me I could have told you the answer the first day without asking any questions at all."

Prosper looked at the young man admiringly.

"Well, well," he clucked, "perhaps I'll have to revise some of my opinions about the stupid human race. But aren't you wrong about there being only one possible answer? According to the rules, as I interpret them, it could just as easily have been Harold."

"Who," asked Jim.

"Harold, my secretary."

"I'll be damned," said Jim.

"You see," admonished Prosper, "your reasoning wasn't as perfect as you thought. However, you were really quite safe. My sense of the dramatic would never have allowed me to pick Harold."

"That's still too close for comfort," said Jim. "You make me nervous, Mr. Prosper. You are too smart, too damned smart. I think I'll go cash this before you think up any more objections."

"You see," said Jim to a friend as they sat drinking Manhattan's in Jim's penthouse apartment, "I knew that my reasoning was perfect. No one could have done more. Therefore, the only answer was that the solution was impossible to derive in seven questions according to my interpretation of the rules.

"However, Prosper said it was possible. That meant that he had a different interpretation of the rules of the game. I re-examined the rules carefully and my mistake became obvious.

Here are the points, as I set them down that night, which provided me with the true answer."

The friend took the piece of paper and read:

1. "Prosper knows nothing about the background of any given applicant.
2. "The solution was formulated before Prosper met any of the applicants.
3. "Hence, the object must be something that the applicants gave evidence of being acquainted with during their interview with Prosper.
4. "The only objects which fulfill these conditions are Prosper himself and each individual applicant.
5. "Since it is a moot question whether a man can see himself, and

(Please Turn to Page 23)

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THE 7TH QUESTION

(Continued from Page 21)

since Prosper says that the object can be interpreted by any of the five senses the object can only be Prosper."

"What an easy way to make a million," said the friend.

"Yes, wasn't it," agreed Jim, and then under his breath he muttered, "sixty-three!"

THE SNOW QUEEN

(Continued from Page 7)

Attendants at the Queen's Coronation will be Miss Janet Sawyer, of Yonkers, N. Y., and Miss Marilyn Pond, of Willow Grove, Pa. Miss Sawyer is a student at Finch College, where she is preparing to become a medical secretary. Miss Pond is an undergraduate at Beaver College, majoring in physical education.

Father: "Did you have the car out last night son?"

Son: "Yeah, dad, I drove several of the fellows downtown."

Father: "Well, tell the fellows one of them left his little lace hanky in the front seat."

Two little girls were busily discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl, "that she's cramming for her finals."

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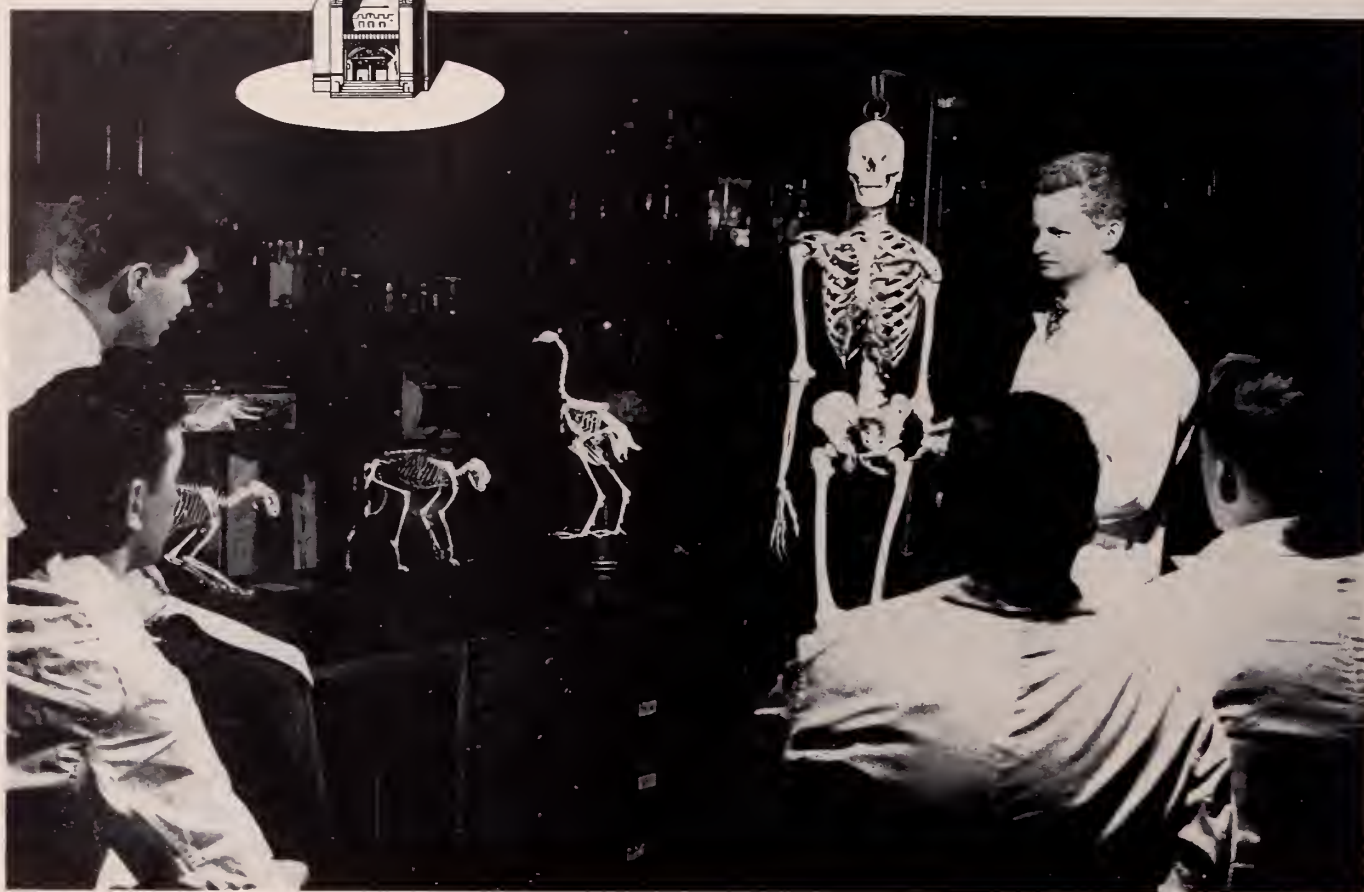
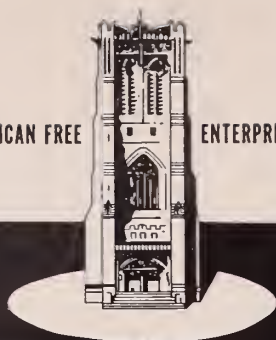
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The many career opportunities in such fields as public service, law, medicine, journalism, and conservation are only a few that are available to the Lehigh Arts and Science graduate. And preparation is such that success in schools of graduate study is virtually assured.

The College of Business Administration, too, offers preparation for fields that are an eye-opener to those who have only associated Lehigh with the transit and the test tube. Special curricula are designed for those planning careers in accounting, merchandising, finance, government service, and business law. And variations of study to meet the needs of more specialized fields are arranged with expert guidance.


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